First Kisses

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/3789565.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Kill la Kill
Relationship:	Mankanshoku Mako/Matoi Ryuuko
Characters:	Mankanshoku Mako, Matoi Ryuuko
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2015-04-20 Words: 4,465 Chapters: 1/1

First Kisses

by Ryumako

Summary

In their new two-star home, Mako's mind is overridden with thoughts of kissing, keeping her from falling asleep. She has yet to have her first kiss, and soon finds out Ryuko's in the same boat. They decide to solve each other's dilemma...plus a bit more.

There was not much to be said about the shared academic capacity between both Ryuko and Mako. The two girls took almost all the same classes (largely coincidentally), so they often did their homework together. Currently, they were in their new two-star home, the one the two of them had used the fight club to earn. They were both ecstatic about having their own space, which, at the moment, they were using to attempt the aforementioned homework.

The both of them were sitting in the middle of their bedroom floor, various schoolwork scattered about. They had been at it for a few hours now, hardly making any progress as they mainly had been goofing off. Ryuko was staring at a math problem with a slightly frustrated expression, and Mako was lying on her back, staring at the ceiling.

“Alright, that’s it,” Ryuko spoke suddenly, catching Mako’s attention. “I give up. There’s no way we’re getting this done tonight.” She put the paper down and crossed her arms.

The brunette sat up, wearing a sympathetic expression. “You’re probably right. It’s getting kinda late anyway, we should probably go to bed.” She smiled. “We can try again tomorrow! It is the weekend, after all.”

“Ah, you’re right.” Mako’s reminder caused instant stress relief; she had forgotten it was Friday. Usually, Ryuko couldn’t care less about her grades (especially at a school like this), but now that they were moving up in rank, she wanted to make them at least decent to match the reputation.

They both began packing up their schoolwork quietly. Mako finished first, all her sparkly notebooks and bunny pencils back in her bag, and then stood up to change into her nightgown. Ever since they began sharing a room, she would change right in front of Ryuko, likely because they were both girls.

Still, Ryuko couldn’t help but glance at her a few times while she got undressed. She would say she was trying to do it inconspicuously, but the truth was she wasn’t actively trying to do it at all. It was like this every time, Mako’s body would catch her eye, she’d find herself looking, and then she’d look away, trying in vain not to blush and hoping Mako didn’t see her stare. She thought her friend to be gorgeous, and ever since she came to that conclusion she found herself slightly nervous around her, but not enough for it to impact their friendship, thank goodness. She wondered if Mako knew how pretty she was.

Mako, on the other hand, had actually caught her looking a few times, but wasn’t bothered by it at all. In fact, she was flattered. She would be lying if she said she didn’t purposefully steal a few looks at Ryuko when she did the same (she noticed that she dressed herself almost unsurely), but she didn’t seem to be uncomfortable at all when she noticed Mako taking said glances. She blushed a little, sure, but didn’t seem disturbed. Besides, wearing Senketsu all the time had to have conditioned her to the looks she received at least a little, Mako figured silently.

The brunette had finished changing and was up in her bed –the top bunk. She sat there, watching Ryuko do the last few buttons to her pajama top, waiting for her to turn out the light

and get into her own bed, which was the nightly ritual. The dark-haired girl did so, and then slid under her covers and spoke in a soft voice, “Goodnight, Mako.”

“Goodnight, Ryuko-chan,” She returned, wiggling a bit and getting cozy under her own sheets.

In the bunk below, Ryuko lay tossing and turning intermittently, trying to get to sleep. After about ten minutes, she resolved to lie on her back and stare up at the mattress above her, trying to clear her mind of all the things that occupied it. She sighed; usually she didn’t have such trouble falling asleep. Maybe it was too early? No, this was the time they usually went to sleep. She yawned and then rubbed her eyes.

“Hey, Ryuko-chan, you still up?” Mako’s voice surprised her; her bed had been still, so she had thought her to already be asleep.

“Yeah,” She answered. “You having trouble sleeping, too?”

“Sorta,” She replied. “I don’t think I’ll ever get over having a bed as nice as this, though. I’m surprised I’m not asleep yet, too,” She chuckled lightly. “I ‘spose I’ve just been thinking about stuff. Keeping me awake.”

Hearing this both concerned and intrigued Ryuko. Mako, of all people, is having trouble getting to sleep? It must be something important. “What’s on your mind?”

She heard the bed creak above her as Mako shifted slightly. “Have you ever kissed anyone, Ryuko-chan?”

Ryuko’s eyes went wide momentarily. Where did that come from? What exactly had she been thinking about that led her to ask that question? What answer was she hoping to hear?As questions like these kept popping up in her mind, she realized she had yet to answer Mako’s. She cleared her throat, and then spoke, “No, I haven’t…” And then after a slight pause, “Have you?” It only felt natural to return the question.

“Nope!” She answered. “That’s what got me thinking. Haven’t most girls our age already had their first kisses?”

Ryuko sighed. “Maybe…but I think that’s kinda arbitrary…putting ages on ‘milestones’ like that. People put so much pressure on that sorta thing, thinking they’re weird if they haven’t done it by a certain age, and it’s stupid.” She paused again. “I haven’t had mine yet because I’ve had much more important things to focus on.”

“True…” Mako said thoughtfully. “But still, I think it’s kind of a special thing, don’t you?”

“I guess,” She agreed.

“I want my first kiss to be with someone I really care a lot about,” She said, her tone determined. “Otherwise I feel like it would be wasted.”

For some reason, Ryuko girl felt compelled to chuckle a little. “Yeah?”

“Absolutely!” She affirmed, the bed shifting slightly again. “I want it to be with someone I know really cares about me, and is important in my life. The kiss itself wouldn’t have to be perfect as long as I’d have that.”

The dark-haired girl noticed her pulse increase slightly. She could tell she really put some thought into this, and she felt an odd respect for her; it wasn’t the first time she had felt that peculiar emotion regarding the brunette. “That makes sense…I suppose I never really thought that much about it.”

“It just makes me frown a little, because I’ve never felt that way about anyone, that they were that special to me and all…” She sounded to be deep in thought. “Oh, except for you, that is.” Before Ryuko could even react to that statement, the girl gasped and continued, “Ryuko-chan! We should kiss each other!”

Instinctively, Ryuko sat up. “What?!”

There was shifting above her, lots of movement before she saw Mako’s foot on the first rung of the ladder to get down from the bed. She spoke as she descended, “We should be each other’s first kisses!” Once down, she plopped at the foot of Ryuko’s bed. “It could be fun!”

Ryuko just stared at her (the best she could what with the moonlight through the window being their only light source), unsure what to think. Was she kidding around? Was this some sort of joke? She didn’t even know where to begin with a reply. Would she have come down to her bed if she wasn’t serious? This was Mako, after all. Then, she said the first thing her brain could formulate, “Didn’t you say you wanted it to be special?” She swallowed. “Like, meaningful?”

“Yes, which is why I would like to share that experience with you!” She said outright.

“Mako…” She muttered. “Do I really mean that much to you?”

“Of course!” She stated without a second thought. “Ryuko-chan is my favorite person, after all.”

“Really?” Her tone was soft.

“Absolutely,” She said with a smile. “So…how about it?” The girl began twiddling her thumbs in her lap.

Ryuko’s thoughts were going a mile a minute and it seemed as though the pace of her heart was trying its best to keep up. Mako, her admittedly cute best friend and sole companion against her daily trials, wanted to kiss her? Had she thought about this before, or was it sort of an epiphany, like she made it sound? With Mako, it seemed it could go either way. Did she…like her? She didn’t feel like she could just ask outright…

She met the girl’s eyes again, which were gleaming in anticipation. Again, she didn’t think through her words before they escaped her. “We’re…we’re both girls, you know…”

Mako tilted her head slightly. “Do you not like girls?”

Ryuko's eyes went wide again, and she felt herself begin to sweat a little. "I…I-I…" And then with a much quieter tone, "I think I do…but I just…" She trailed off immediately, and then turned the question back on her. "Wait, do you like girls then?"

"I'm pretty sure," She said, her brow furrowed. "What's not to like?"

The dark-haired girl felt her head spin slightly, but at the same time Mako's blatant honesty made her feel better about the situation…and her own situation in general. It's not like Ryuko *didn't* want to kiss Mako, she was just worried about the repercussions. The brunette seemed so sure about it, but Ryuko didn't know if she was thinking it all the way through. Then again, Mako wasn't the type to harbor significant regret, it seemed.

Before Ryuko could even think of anything else to say, Mako spoke again, "If there's one thing I'm sure of, though, is that I like Ryuko-chan."

The words registered slightly late in her brain, but nevertheless she responded, "You…like me?" She could feel herself smiling, even though she wasn't doing it consciously.

"Mhm!" She nodded quickly. "Couldn't you tell? Ryuko-chan is so silly."

Ryuko blushed and scratched the back of her head. "I didn't know…"

"So," Mako eagerly began again, adjusting her posture and wiggling a bit in her spot on the bed. "Would you like to be my first kiss?"

The brunette's eyes were wide as they bore into hers, awaiting a response. It was all so much at once, but yet, somehow, none of it shocked her or really even surprised her on a significant level. Her heart was doing funny things and her palms were a little sweaty, but every recess of her mind was positive in response to the prospect of kissing Mako. So, she exhaled and responded, "Yeah, I would like that."

Mako smiled real big and then even clapped quickly a few times, obviously excited. Then, she immediately calmed down and inhaled deeply, then exhaled slowly. She scooted closer to Ryuko until she was sitting right across from her, facing her directly. "Ready?" She asked in a hushed tone.

Ryuko swallowed and then nodded, slightly entranced by the girl's eyes. She couldn't recall ever have being in such close proximity to her, or at least in such focused closeness. Then, Mako started leaning in slowly, her eyes sliding shut, and Ryuko's instinctive reaction was to seize up considerably.

The dark-haired girl closed her eyes and felt her lips slightly grazed by the other girl's, but then nothing. She opened her eyes again to see Mako pulled back.

"Is something wrong?" Ryuko asked immediately, in a tiny voice.

"Are you alright?" The brunette seemed genuinely concern. "You seem tense."

Ryuko was surprised by this, and she really didn't want Mako to think she didn't want to do this, so she started blabbering like an idiot. "I'm fine, really! I'm just…I'm really nervous,

honestly, I've never done anything like this and I don't want to mess it up for you…"

The brunette began laughing at this, her chuckles growing in volume before she responded, "The tough, tomboyish Ryuko-chan, nervous about kissing someone?" Ryuko blushed severely, but before she could defend herself, she spoke again, "I already told you, as long as the kiss is with someone I care about…I don't care about how inexperienced it is…" She said sweetly. "I'm nervous, too."

After hearing that, Ryuko felt significantly better. Suddenly, she really, really wanted to try again. "That's good to hear…" She breathed. "I'm ready, again."

Mako lips quirked into a smile before she began leaning in once more, and Ryuko again closed her eyes in anticipation. This time, before their lips could make contact, Ryuko heard the girl giggle slightly, before she pulled back completely, lost in a full-blown fit of laughter.

"Wh-what's so funny?" Ryuko asked her.

"N-Nothing!" She said. "Nothing, really…I'm just…I just like you lots, okay? Sorry… nervous laughter."

The dark-haired girl's heart leapt…this whole idea was hers in the first place, and now a fit of giggles was all it took to derail her from her objective. She was really something else.

Mako quickly pulled herself back together, and then straightened out her back in determination. "I am *super* ready this time," She affirmed.

"You sure?" She grinned at her. The brunette just nodded succinctly, almost soldier-like.

"Okay," Ryuko spoke again, exhaling afterwards. This time, the both of them began leaning in gradually, their eyes closed. As a result, the first things to touch were not their lips but the tips of their noses, causing both of them to smile and chuckle lightly. Still, the both of them resolved to tilt their heads a bit more, and then they found their lips pressed gently against one another's.

The sensation was so unique and not what either of them expected. Mako's lips were very soft and dreamlike, and Ryuko's kiss was firm yet sweet. Neither of them knew how long to hold it, yet neither of them wanted to part. Mako elected to breathe through her nose, and the second she did, she inhaled the scent of Ryuko's skin and felt almost intoxicated.

Gently, Ryuko was the first one to pull back, trying not to be obvious with her sudden intake of air. For a moment, neither of them said anything and simply looked at one another, stabilizing their breathing and collecting their thoughts.

"Ryuko-chan," Mako spoke first. "That was…wonderful!" She smiled wide. "I really couldn't have asked for a better first kiss."

Ryuko grinned again unintentionally, happy she could make it good for her. "I agree," She stated. "Hey, Mako?"

"Yeah?"

“Can we…do it again?” She asked somewhat awkwardly.

Mako’s eyes widened curiously for a second before she smiled and said, “You want to also be my *second* kiss?”

Ryuko chuckled genuinely at this. “Yes,” She answered between her small laughs, honesty starting to come easier to her as she got progressively more comfortable. At that moment, she wanted to be Mako’s second, third, fourth, fifth, and-so-on kisses.

This time around, the contact came easier. Their lips sealed together with ease, Ryuko’s top lip pressed gently between Mako’s. They kissed once, and then broke apart only slightly, just to angle their faces marginally different and kiss again.

The kisses progressed at a tender and tentative pace, both girls taking their time to get a feel for one another’s lips. It was incredibly sweet, the noise of their kissing and their cautious breathing the only sounds audible to them. Eventually, the strokes of the kisses were in near perfect sync, their movements becoming more defined.

With each new placement of her mouth against her own, Ryuko felt Mako’s lips part a touch more than they had been originally, and suddenly she felt compelled to just *slide her tongue over-*

Just then, Ryuko pulled away from her without warning, exhaling quickly and catching her breath. “Mako, this is really-”

“Yeah,” Mako breathed, interrupting her. “Yeah, it’s really…hot…”

Ryuko probably wouldn’t have said it herself anyway, but she was right. She found herself quickly wanting more of Mako; she’d even go as far as to say she craved more. However, she was entirely unsure of Mako’s boundaries. As she had felt herself begin to sweat, she moved out from under her blankets and adjusted to sit atop them.

She then looked to Mako again with the intention of speaking, just to have her thought process interrupted with her lips pressed firmly to hers once more. She melted into the movement, her muscles going slack. The brunette tilted her head, and then slid her tongue through Ryuko’s slightly-parted lips.

Ryuko wasn’t expecting this, as she let out a potentially embarrassing noise against the other girl’s mouth. She could feel Mako smile slightly in response to this, and then wiggle her tongue playfully against hers as if to enforce the presence of it. The dark-haired girl couldn’t help but smile modestly at her quirkiness, and then she tapped her tongue against hers as if to respond to her.

Mako hummed lightly, and then slid the length of her tongue along Ryuko’s much slower. Ryuko held her breath at this sensation, and the exhaled gradually through her nose. The brunette continued to gently massage her tongue against hers, rubbing it alongside it and then sliding it underneath. She beckoned her tongue into her own mouth, and Ryuko cautiously slid it in, tilting her own head in the process.

Mako's mouth was warm and inviting, and on top of this, the girl began whimpering softly as she began to grow steadier in her actions. Her tongue continued to gently rub along Ryuko's as she explored her mouth with it, almost as if to encourage her. Gradually, Mako's noises evolved from whimpers to light moans as her voice began to escape from her vocal cords.

At this point, Ryuko was definitely beginning to feel the effects of the physicality as she felt herself grow hotter and hotter. Evidently, Mako was feeling the same way. The brunette reached over and lightly grasped at Ryuko's wrist, lifting her arm and placing her left hand in her own. She then gently placed the other girl's hand atop her own thigh, and then lightly rubbed her thumb across it, manually moving it to her inner thigh with caution.

It was then that Ryuko really noticed what she was doing, and broke the kiss reluctantly. "Mako, what are you…" She trailed off.

Mako was in something of a daze before she seemingly snapped out of it and responded promptly, "Oh, sorry! I didn't mean…I just…oh man, I messed everything up, didn't I? That was too much…" She quickly scooted back, and then up against the wall, hiding her face in her hands.

Ryuko was silent a moment, unsure what to say. If she hadn't stopped to voice her concern, where exactly was Mako going to take her hand? The thought of the potential made her even hotter than she already was. Did Mako really want her to do…that? She was concerned things were progressing a bit fast, even despite her own arousal.

"Ryuko-chan?" Mako spoke again, still hiding her face. "Do you hate me?"

"What? No!" Ryuko answered immediately. "For that? No, definitely not. I just…it's a bit fast, don't you think? Are you sure you really want that from me?"

The brunette swallowed, and then removed her hands from her face just to reveal she was blushing profusely. "Ryuko-chan, can I tell you some very personal things?"

"I mean yeah, of course, if you're comfortable."

Mako breathed, almost spoke again, but then bit her tongue. She seemed to be battling her brain over the right words, the right way to say what she wanted. Eventually though, she gave up the battle and blurted it out, "I've never had an orgasm!"

Ryuko didn't know what she expected her to say, but it wasn't that. "You…you've never… had an orgasm?" She repeated, and then shook her head. "What, you've never masturbated?"

Somehow, Mako managed to blush deeper. "Of course I have, I've just…never gotten it to feel good." She sighed. "I want to tell you something else, but I don't want you to be creeped out."

"I don't think you could creep me out," She answered honestly.

"Alright…" She began cautiously. "After I realized I was attracted to you, which was almost immediately after I saw you fighting in Senketsu-" She slipped in a 'sorry' when she saw

Ryuko's accusatory expression at this statement, "-I, well, started thinking of you each time I would try to masturbate. Honestly, it got me closer, but I could never just *get* there, I guess."

Ryuko didn't respond, as she again had so many thoughts running through her head. Why had Mako waited until tonight to reveal these things to her? And she…she was legitimately attracted to her? Her words painted an inevitable mental image for Ryuko –Mako trying in vain to masturbate, her fingers working against herself, feeling only quick surges of pleasure…at the thought of *her?*

The second she inhaled to respond, Mako started again, "I knew it! You hate me now…I took it too far, I'm really sorry! Can we go back to being friends, or-"

This was a new side of Mako that Ryuko had not seen –the doubtful and regretful side of her. The brunette was spewing such self-doubting nonsense; she resolved to scoot next to her and to silence her with her lips, feeling the girl begin to smile against her mouth, and causing her to do the same. Now this…this was the Mako she liked.

She kept kissing her, this time more confident about involving tongue. The wall behind Mako's head provided good support for leverage as she slid her muscle into her mouth tenderly, running it along her palate. She felt her shiver a tad in response to the feeling.

Ryuko exhaled through her nose, the air dancing across Mako's cheek and causing her to whimper quietly. She then took her right hand and placed it daringly atop the smaller girl's thigh, further establishing its presence by rubbing her thumb against her skin. Mako seized slightly at the sensation, and then relaxed into a minor haze when she realized her intentions.

Ryuko's hand continued to slide very gradually up her thigh, her palm moving to her inner thigh. The girl spread her legs apart subtly, just to make sure she had all the room she needed. Ryuko smiled a little at her eagerness while simultaneously feeling further encouraged.

Eventually, her fingers reached the top of her thigh, the skirt of her nightgown pushed up in the process. Her fingertips traveled daringly to the outside of the Mako's panties, which she grazed lightly. Even despite the faint pressure, the brunette moaned audibly into her mouth. Ryuko instinctively made a noise of pleasure in response, and then she pressed at her more firmly; she could already feel her wetness through the fabric.

Feeling lightheaded at the girl under her fingertips, she resolutely dragged her fingers up to the waistband of her panties and then slid them under, but not before breaking their kiss suddenly and speaking, "I'm gonna touch you how I touch myself, and if at any point it feels unpleasant, please tell me," She breathed against her lips.

Mako hardly had the capacity to respond, but she managed to nod once. Acknowledging this confirmation, Ryuko's fingers traveled further down her panties, found her lips and then gently parted them with her fingers, dipping her middle and ring fingers into her wetness.

The brunette bent her neck back at the feeling, gasping shortly. She impulsively grasped at the sheets beneath her, and then attempted to remain still as Ryuko slowly stroked her sex a few times with her freshly-wetted fingertips.

“Mako…*god*…” Ryuko breathed as she continued to feel her.

Mako just couldn’t respond to her with her tone and her unabashed lust; she was just about on cloud nine. Then, Ryuko’s middle finger slipped up inside her, the ring finger following it momentarily, as her wetness encompassed both fingers with ease. She began pumping them in and out steadily, earning a whine of satisfaction from the brunette and coating the fingers in the girl’s juices.

Once they were good and wet, she removed her fingers from her entrance and slid them up her sex until they reached her clit, which was small yet stiff beneath her fingertips.

“R-Ryuko-chan…” Mako moaned, and then gasped desperately as Ryuko began to rub her. That was the first time she had heard the girl moan her name, and she was determined to hear it again.

Mako felt the world around her haze out of focus; never in her life had she felt pleasure such as this…she hadn’t even known it was possible. All she could feel was Ryuko’s slender fingers rubbing her again and again, sometimes up and down, sometimes in circles. Suddenly, she remembered that Ryuko said that this was how *she* touched herself –she imagined her Ryuko masturbating just like this, and she swiftly felt the pleasure really begin to stack up.

“Ryuko-chan…” She whined her name again dreamily. “It feels so good…I think…I-I think I might be close…”

“Really?”

“Yeah…” She moaned.

Ryuko, more encouraged than ever before, began rubbing her clit in focused, tight circles. In response, Mako squirmed in her spot and bit her bottom lip. The dark-haired girl kept at it, pressing her own body even closer to the girl as she ceaselessly rubbed her. She noticed the brunette’s thighs begin to twitch slightly, and then she spoke near her ear, “Yeah Mako… that’s it…”

Mako released her bottom lip from her teeth as her eyebrows knit together. “Ry-Ryuko-chan! *Yes!*” She moaned loudly as she came for the first time, unintentionally thrusting her hips against Ryuko’s fingertips.

As Mako began to settle down, she removed her hand from her panties and even adjusted her nightgown for her as the girl just sat there, trying to capture her breath.

Then, Mako faced her. “*That* was an orgasm?”

“Yep,” Ryuko answered, grinning at her like an idiot.

“That was incredible! Just…indescribable!” The girl practically had a twinkle in her eye as she spoke. “Do you think, maybe, I could do that for you some time?”

The dark-haired girl blushed. “I mean…if you want to…” Inside, she was just giddy that Mako really enjoyed it and even seemed to want to be physical again in the future.

“Definitely!” She said enthusiastically. “But um, for right now, that kind of made me very sleepy,” She explained sheepishly. “Do you mind if I sleep here in your bed with you, Ryuko-chan?”

Ryuko smiled at her sympathetically. “Not at all.”

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